

## GABRIELLE DARLEY TELLS STORY OF LIFE THAT LEADS TO MURDER TRIAL

Los Angeles, Cal., May 26.—Gabrielle Darley, the most beautiful prisoner in the county jail here, who is accused of murdering her lover, told recently the first rational story of her life.

It is a dramatic story of a woman's struggle between the conventionally traveled road of life and the allure-

For several months, since the shooting of Leonard Topp, her sweetheart, in a downtown store here, the girl's mind has been a blank. But the veil of forgetfulness has been slowly lifting until now she has pieced together fragments of memories, and has woven it into the story of her life. But still a blank wall rises before her mind at the moment of her sweetheart's death.

The longing for a home runs through Gabrielle Darley's gypsy history. For, from her birth, she was a wild little wanderer, carried hither and yon, never knowing a home, always wanting one. When she had reached womanhood her instinct for a home had ripened into a great ambition and determination.

Brought from Italy when she was only a baby, orphaned in her early girlhood, she found herself in Arizona at the age of 19, alone in the world and without friends. She was a waitress in a hotel. It was there she met and married "Kid" Kirby, prize fighter, whom she divorced because he would not make a home for her.

"He wouldn't work, except for an occasional fight, and he didn't care whether we had a home or not," Miss Darley said. "And—well, then I met Leonard Topp. He seemed to know how I felt about having my own little home, and he begged me to divorce my husband and marry him. He would make a home for me, he said.

"I learned to love him better than my life. Oh, I love him now too well, too well.

"He told me he couldn't afford to marry me and make a home, but that I could make enough money, and when I did he would marry me. He told me I could make that money by—by selling my honor. I refused at first. But I loved him, and he said he could not marry me unless I did. Fin-



Gabrielle Darley.

ments of the primrose path, of her gradual yielding to the underworld for the sake of the man she loved. A story of intense love, fed by the hot, fiery blood of Southern Italy which flows in her veins, the love so strangely near to quick hate and vengeance.